

Courier

will hold the maison through the night-un-

less I am wrong and we are to be driven from it by force-and in the morning we

will slip away secretly, Lucette and you ac-companying us, and make first for the gates

to leave the city with the pass we took from the spy, and if we fail we shall place our-

"And the men here?"

"Must remain until the last possible moment as a ruse. D'Artois will stay in com-

mand, and every show of continued resist-ance must be maintained. The governor knows we are here and thinks he has us

safely caged. In that belief the restrictions

and a slight disguise will be all necessary

CHAPTER XXVI. At the City Gates.

Gerard's judgment that the unexpected position at Malincourt would be found much too formidable to be dismissed with a curse

and a threat was quite correct. The governor was furiously angry, and as sternly resolved as ever to carry his purpose through; nothing should be suffered to come between him and it; but the last few hours had revealed certain obstacles to the importance of which even his selfish rage could not blind him.

He had had convincing proof that in threatening Gabrielle he would provoke far greater and more dangerous antagonism than any he had yet encountered at any time of his government.

The first sign of this had come from the duchess herself. She had sent for him soon after Lucette had left the castle, and after avowing her share in procuring Gerard's escape, had met his storm of invective with a stubborn resistance culminating in a solemn declaration that if harm was done to a hair of Gabrielle's head, she would have herself carried in her bed out into streets of Morvaix and denounce him and his acts to the citizens, and if that did not avail she would take the matter, if it cost her her life, to the King of France himself.

He had laughed at her threats, but they

had gone home, none the less, and had ren-dered him ill at ease.

More was to come, however. Babilion was right in saying the city was roused by the news that Gabrielle was a fugitive from the castle troops. She was beloved in Morvaix by people of every class, rich and poor alike; and hundreds of them were ready to spend their lives in her defense.

The governor's agents in the city had

brought him word of this, and the citizens themselves had been to the castle to seek assurances of her safety from the governor, Hot words had passed on both sides, but the governor had found it discreet to appease them by giving the assurances of her safety and explaining that the object of the pursuit was merely a prisoner, a murderer, who had escaped from the castle

who had escaped from the castle.

Hints had been given him, too, discreetly and almost timorously, by some of his officers that the concern on Gabrielle's account was not confined to the city, but had also spread to such of the troops as were Morvaix men, and that reliance upon them in any attack upon her could not be fully placed.

considerations of this disquieting character could not but produce an effect even upon the iron of his will, but he still saw a way to gain his end without open conflict with the forces supporting the Malincourt influence. He could coerce Gabrielie through her lover. If Gerard could be recaptured he would have once more the means of secretly compelling the consent which it might be dangerous to force from which it might be dangerous to force from which it might be dangerous to force from there by open violence. She would consent to be his wife to save Gerard.

And here it was that he found the position at Malineourt so disconcerting. He did not doubt that Gabrielle was in the maison with Gerard and he had a save for the consent to t

with Gerard and he had gone there antici-pating no more opposition to his entry than the presence of a large body of troops could But instead of that, he found the maison barred against him and held by a force which his soldier's eye showed him was both powerful and ably disposed for purposes of denfense. That he could carry the place with the

resources at his command was not, of course, open to question; although there would be a stout resistance involving bloodshed and the loss of many lives on both sides. It was not this which made him hesitate. But to batter the maison to vieces and burn it while Gabrielle was inside with the defenders, was at once to subject her to imminent personal danger and to rouse every one of her supporters in the city to active interference.

There was another course open, however starve those in Malincourt to surrender. It involved delay, always distasteful to his impetuous, overbearing will, but it was less dangerous and in the end would be equally Thus he decided to adopt it, and at the same time to keep up a sufficient show of force to intimidate those in Malincourt. He could easily surround the house so that not a soul could leave it, and by an occasional feint could harry those defending it and thus hasten their submis-

First, however, he would make sure that Gabrielle was really in Malincourt, and at the end of the hour of grace he had allowed he caused another summons for admission to be made, and when as before Pascal appeared in answer to it, he demanded to speak with Gabrielle She came at once, with Gerard at her side,

and very proud and defiant she looked. "I wish you to understand the nature of the resistance you are offering to me, mademoiselle, and the consequences," began the governor. 'I understand it perfectly, my lord," she

answered resolutely "You are harboring at Malincourt a pr s oner of mine, and this neither the laws of France nor I myself can permit." "There is no one in Malincourt, my lord,

who can rightly be termed your prisoner. Whom do you mean?' "The man who stands at your side, at whose escape from my prison you con-

You mean the Lord Gerard de Bourbon. It is by his commands that the doors of Malincourt are closed against you. And they will remain closed, my lord."

They cannot remain closed against the forces at my disposal." "If you as governor of Morvaix think you dare to use violence against the son of your suzerain, the great Duke de Bourbon, you

must act as you will." "I demand that that man be given up to

"The blood of the Bourbon soldiers here will be shed freely in defense of their master, and for the rest the responsibility is yours, my lord, not mine."

"I give you this last chance to avoid a Gerard whispered to her before she an-

"You ask me to surrender, and I am authorized by my Lord Gerard de Bourbon to answer you thus. Cry a truce for forty-eight hours and we will come to you voluntarily to the castle.

"I will not give you forty-eight seconds," was the angry reply, and with that the governor turned away.

He rapidly completed his dispositions for

the feinted attack which commenced almost immediately. It was delivered with much show of force from four different points around the house, and was accompanied by a great deal of musketry firing on both sides. But this, owing to the darkness, did little or no harm to either party. The result satisfied the governor

there really was a considerable body of men opposed to him, and he drew off his troops and surrounded the maison, and left instructions with the officer in command keep up the pretense of an attack and to make one or two demonstrations during the night. Then he rode back to the castle, carrying with him the conviction that in a day or two at most Gerard would be again

Inside Malincourt a very different view of the position was taken. The attack was regarded as the proof of the governor's intention to make good his threat to storm the maison and burn it; while the ease with which it was beaten off only served to the suspicion that it was no more

than the preface to a much more serious "His object is to test our strength," said Gerard to Pascal, "and to see whether we really are in any force. We may look for

we would have saved our powder." "We could ill spare it. Slight as the acting than this, But I think in such a thing was, it has made grievous inroads on

"We need not be anxious. It will last out till morning, and then we shall go. They I don't know that that will matter. How "We need not be anxious. It will last out are likely to try and harry us through the night, so that we must be on our guard, but the real attack will be delivered in day-light, and before it comes we must be on the house. We have must be on the house we must be on the first our end, the delay of a night, and for tomorrow we can safely trust ourselves to the burgless."

"My plan is this," explained Gerard. "We light, so that we must be on our guard, nie's play room pretty much. Dey was so The officer looked after him thoughtfully, re-entered the guard house, read over the gard over th are likely to try and harry us through the

admitted them, it was to say that her hus-band had not been home all night. band had not been home all night.
"It's not a serious matter," said Pascal,
making light of it, as he did of all difficulties. "Wait here, and I'll go and find a
couple of horses somewhere."

Pascal went off on his search. He was
soon back, riding one horse and leading
another

The city is much quieter this morning. I had a talk with the man where I got these," he reported, "and he says all the soldiers who were searching the city have been recalled to the castle.

"And about the gates?"
"He knew nothing, and I could ask no more than a general question, or I might have stirred suspicion. Now, Madame Burgher," he said to Lucette, and there was some laughing between them over set-tling her in the pillion. But Gerard was in no mood to see any objects for jesting, and Gabrielle was so pale and anxious that Lucette declared it was a good thing, indeed no more of her features could be seen. "Now for a bold face on things and a laugh if you can, Lucette," cried Pascal, "and we'll soon see whether an honest burgher and his wife cannot ride abroad together in this uncomfortable fashion on a fine July morning."

They rode slowly toward the city gate, Gerard and Gabrielle following some dis-tance behind. Fascal laughed and ges-tured over his shoulder to Lucette, until oming in sight of the gate he said exultantly: "God be thanked, it's open, Lucette. We shan't be husband and wife much longer,

about passing in and out of the city will shan't be husband and wife much longer, probably be relaxed; the search parties will be recalled from the city, and a bold front "A thought which seems to give you

consummate relief." she answered



THEY RODE SLOWLY TOWARD THE CITY GATE.

for us to get away. Then by nightfall we shall be back with the troops to read this governor a lesson. matters remained until the dawn. When the light broke at last, the great strength of the castle force was immediately apparent, spreading as it did all around the maison in imposing numbers that filled Gabrielle and Lucette with consternation.

Gabrielle was for instant flight, inleed, but Gerard decided for some further delay. "We have to wait until the governor shall have had time to give fresh instructions to the captains of the city gates, or we cannot get through." Then Lucette suggested a serious objec-

"Gabrielle is so well known that she will be recognized at the gates, and although she might pass, any one with her would b at once suspected and stopped.' "I am hoping that the gates will be open

to all," replied Gerard, "and that no one will be stopped. But she will be disguised. We shall all be, in fact-Pascal and I as morks." "But if they are not open?" Then we have this pass of Dauban's

and the disguises. "May I suggest?" asked Lucette. plain burgher's or merchant's dress would e safest, with the monks' gabardines carried for use in case of need. And these could easily be furnished here in the maison. must have weapons, Lucette," said

Gerard. "They could be covered with wrappings to look like staves or some part of your merchandise. There is no difficulty there, The real difficulty is Gabrielle's surely.

"I like the plan," was Pascal's emphatic "But I would have a change in verdict. it Let Mile Lucette and myself, if she will trust herself to me, try to leave the If we are turned back or even held by the guard it will be no grievous matter; and you and mademoiselle can see how it fares with us. If we have to show the pass to get through we can go a short distance and I can return on the plea that something has been forgotten, and can hand it to you."

This scheme was discussed at length to be finally adopted, and Gabrielle and Lucette were left to settle the best device they could fashion to conceal what Lucette had termed the real difficulty-Gabrielle's

Lucette solved the problem by means of large hooded cloak, such as was not un eemmonly worn by the burghers' and merchants' wives in traveling. Drawn over th head and low down over the brow, it fast-ened under the chin, but a little alteration by Lucette's deft fingers so arranged it that much of the lower part of the face

was also hidden, and when she was ready to start, both Gerard and Pascal smiled at the little device.
"A burgher's spouse to the life," exclaimed Pascal, whose irrepressible spirits were as high as if they were all bent on a picnic.

"And on the pillion no one will know mi-ladi of Malincourt!" Gerard was grave and anxious in his concerp for Gabrielle, and as they passed through the chapel, down into the crypt and along the moldy passage, scarce a word was spoken. But as soon as they emerged into the fresh air Pascal, who had gone on first to make sure no one was about, began to talk. He walked with Lucette. Gerard and Gabrielle being ahead.

"We mustn't look like a funeral procession, mademoiselle. you were as anxious for me as M. Gerard is for Gabrielle, you, too, might be

solemn, monsieur."
He glanced at her and smiled "Hadn't we better settle the parts we mean to play?"

"What are they?" "As we don't want to quarrel, and I am plain burgher and you Madame Burgher, we might be husband and wife."
"It would be a loveless marriage, wouldn't

"I've heard of them before," he laughed drily. ' "But it would certainly be a mar riage of convenience." "And many of those are but little more case I should be a scold."
"I am afraid you would, but as my back

clear the roads are," he said, breaking into earnestness for a moment. His eyes had

"Ave, the responsibilities of a husband weigh heavily on me, good wife-as heavily, maybe, as the double burden on this good patient beast. Good morning, monsieur." he broke off, as a soldier stepped in the way and held up his hand. But Pascal made no effort to check the horse, and was passing on with a nod and a when the man laid a hand on the bridle and brought the horse to a stop.
"What is it, monsieur?" asked Pascal.

"Cannot an honest man and his wife pass on his business?" "Yes. monsieur. All those who are known to us can pass. Dismount, if you please, and come to the officer of the gate." Pascal mumbled something in a discontented tone and then dismounted. He gave Lucette one glance with an minous lift of the eyebrows. She under-

stood the look-that the check was a very ugly one-but with an admirably feigned air of extreme vexation, she exclaimed: 'How you bungle things, Pascal! bring me out like this! One might as well have a wooden head for a husband." One might bring me out like this! "Peace, scold, peace. It is no fault of nine." he answered crossly. And the soldier smiled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Hunted. Pascal was agreeably surprised when the officer to whom he was conducted, a man of some thirty years of age with a frank face, commenced with a quasi apology.

"This is not a very pleasant duty of mine, duty. I am here in place of Capt. Boutelle. and my instructions are not to allow anyone to pass the gate who is not known. But as I know scarcely anyone while he knows many, it is rather a hardship for the citizens. Your name, please?"

"Pascal Tourelle." The officer wrote it down, saying the while: "I am sorry I do not recognize you, M.

Tourelle. Your occupation?" "Merchant-chiefly in steel wares. My wife rides with me," said Pascal.

"Her name?" "Lucette." The officer looked up with "Pardon the smile," he said, "but the

name is unusual and recalls associations for me. "The devil it does! Can she have been flirting here as well!" was Pascal's thought, but he looked stolidly at the questioner as

he replied, producing Daubin's pass: "I can save your time, monsieur, I think, I have a pass. "The date is yesterday's," and the officer shook his head. "Did you mean to start yesterday? I am afraid it is no use. But there will be plenty of citizens who know you, and I will send a man with you to

"When I return, monsieur, it will give me pleasure to see you again. I will not trouble you to send a man with me, but will bring back some one who will satisfy "Nay, monsieur, I will send a man," and while he turned away to give the necessary

anyone who will identify you.

"Go back to Gerard, and tell him the w is blocked. I'll find you at Babillon's. Go at once, for God's sake. The officer pricked up his ears at your name and may

instructions, Pascal hurried out

Lucette drew the end of the shawl which wrapped her neck and shoulders across the lower part of her face as the officer came

out and looked curiously at her.

"I know him indeed," she said.

"Ah, these flirtings of yours. Lucette!" whispered Pascal, as she wheeled the horse around. "Yes, in an hour here," he added aloud, "and don't keep me waiting. It is as I thought monsieur my wife will. It is as I thought, monsieur, my wife will return to meet me here," he said lightly. turning to the officer, who was looking very intently indeed after Lucette. "Umph! Curious! A strange resem-blance!" The words were muttered in a low whisper, but not so low as to escape Pascal's sharp ears, and the officer gave

him a quick suspicious glance. Pascal's easy indifference appeared to reassure him. however. "Here's the man, monsieur," he said.

of the house. "I pray we shall find better luck than last time."

But they did not. The house was closed, and when they knocked and Babillon's wife how to get rid of his companion, and felt rious consequences.

Meanwhile Pascal was cudgeling his wits

Meanwhile Pascal was cudgeling his wits how to get rid of his companion, and felt none too easy under the sharp glances which the man kept casting at him, as they walked side by side,

"Come here, where can we have some wine?" asked he at last.

The solder soon found a wine shop, and Pascal plied him freely with liquor, a second flash quickly following the first. When the second was still half full he rose and said:

"We've no time to finish it, I fear. We must find M. Grimaud, the leather mer-chant, who will vouch for me at the gate." He coined the name at a venture.
"'Tis a pity to leave it," said the soldier,

eyeing the flask wistfully. "I don't get such liquor every day." "It's a good reason for your staying to finish it, while I fetch M. Grimaud." "You'd better go. It's too good stuff to swallow in gulps," and the soldier winked appreciatively, as he emptied his glass leisurely in sips and refilled it.

What step to take next was a question of some difficulty. The experience at the city gate had shown that Pascal could only hope to leave if some burgher of importance could be found to vouch for him, and the first thought was to try and find some one who would do this. But where to go? He could not tell who were for the Castle and who for Malincourt, and to look for Babillon was pretty much like looking for a bullet that had missed its mark and buried itself somewhere in the ground.

He was standing in the market place gazing about him vaguely and debating the thing when a stroke of fortune came his

He caught sight of Dubois and hurried after him. The old soldier was in a gruff mood. "These burghers are fools; you know the sort, Pascal. Babblers, gabblers, brawlers, windbags, with never an ounce of resolution in the lot," he said in reply to Pascal's question as to how he had fared with them,

"A cataract of talk and nothing eise."
"Well, I want one of them to come and talk now," and Pascal told him what had occurred and what was needed. "They'll come and make you a speech, a round hundred of 'em," said Dubois, with a gesture of contempt. "But I would not trust to one of them to act like a sensible

"But can you find one to identify Gerard and get him away?"
"I'll try to find Babillon, and if I succeed in getting some one to youch for you, will come to this house. You had better go there and explain things, and what mouthing numskulls these precious burghers are?"

"You'll lose no time?"
"Am I a burgher?" and with this last growl he went away, while Pascal, with a laugh, hurried to Babillon's, and reported how matters had gone, and that there was nothing to do but to wait.

When a chance offered he spoke to Lucette alone.

"I have said nothing yet, but I am not quite easy about that officer, Lucette. He was very curious about—Madame Burgher; do you think he can have recognized you? Does he know you well?"

"Is it M. Burgher questioning now?" she asked with a clance.

asked, with a glance.
"No. We've dropped that; and we're waiting to see what next. Just now it's some one a good deal in earnest."

"Yes, he used to know me very well."

"Is he another of them?" He could not resist the jest, and she laughed back with "I don't of course understand that. I won't, I mean."
"Do you think he can have sent any one

after you to make sure you were Madame Burgher?" "Do you think so?" She was serious now.

"I don't know."
"How did you get rid of the horses?"
"M. Gerard did that."
"M. derard did that." "M. Gerard did that."
"I must speak to him then. A very little slip may have very big results today." He called Gerard aside and told him his doubts.
"I took the horses back to where you hired them. I dared not leave them stand-ing here. I passed a couple of soldiers, but they took no notice of me; and of course I made sure that no one followed me here." "It may be nothing, but when that soldier gets back and this tale gets carried to the castle about the two Pascals and one Lucette, it may be something—especially if de Proballe's cunning ears get wind of it.

I wish you were away."

They were very soon to have proof that Pascal's uneasiness had only too solid They waited with much impatience for Dubois' coming, and when he came, about an hour after noon, he brought The city gates had been shut again and the governor's troops were once more searching the city; this time systematically from house to house, and the efforts of the search parties were being in the first place

concentrated on that part of the city in which Babillon's house stood. "I passed them at their work," he said, "and only wonder I was not stopped. You cannot stay here, or you will be trapped.' "There is but one course, then,"

"We must get back to Malincourt. "There is a better plan," said Gabrielle. "Do you go alone, Gerard, in your monk" gabardine. He has passed the soldiers, and you will do sc. I will wait for their com-He has passed the soldiers, and ing. We know from what Babilion told us yesterday and what Captain Dubois has heard from the burghers, that no harm can come to me. Please."

answered Gerard firmly. "One thing I will not do. I will not leave you within that madman's reach. "But it is you he seeks. Would it not be safer, Captain Dubois, for him to go alone? And you, M. Pascal, what say

"It would be safer," agreed the captain. "Dubois!" exclaimed Gerard.
"I speak but my opinion, my lord. I should take miladi's advice. I will answer for her safety."
"I cannot consent."

"It will be too lote to do anything if we dally in talking," said Dubois.
"We will go together, but I will change my burgher's dress for a monk's," and he hurried from the room. "I am only a monk outwardly, and it may be well to have an officer among the

party," said Dubois, slipping off his gab-ardine and revealing his uniform under it. "It's too late," said Pascal, who was monsieur, but you'll understand it is a at the window as Gerard re-entered. "The chance is gone."

Gerard looked very grave and Dubois smothered an oath in his mustache.

"Monsieur, may I suggest?" put in Lucette hurriedly. "There is a chance that these searchers may not know Gabrielle. Let M. Pascal and me remain here to mait for them playing your parts white wait for them, playing your parts, while you hide somewhere in the house. When they find us, they may be satisfied to search no further than this room, and you will be free to leave when they have gone."
"It is well suggested," declared Pascal. "If they will not know you, mademois-selle," he added, with a quizzing glance. "I do not know all the officers, mon-

sieur," she retorted.
Gerard and Gabrielle both protested against the plan on the ground of its dan-ger to Lucette; but this was overborne, and the two were left alone, while Gerard, Gabrielle and Dubois went with Madame Babillon to an upper part of the house. At this moment a heavy hand was thrust against the door, which was flung open, and the soldiers entered.

"Gerard!" cried Lucette, "look, look, the

soilders," and then staring wildly at the men, she clapped her hand to her lips and with a cry of fear fell into a seat.

"Courage, Gabrielfe, it is nothing," he whispered, in a toric floud enough to be heard, and bent for a moment over her as if in deep concern. Then he turned to the men, "What does this mean?" he demanded angrily. With intense satisfaction he recognized two of his own men among the

recognized two of his own men among the five who were in charge of a sergeant, and he shot at them a warning look.

"It means that we're in luck, monsieur, I think. You must come with us."

"Come with you? Why? Cannot an honest merchant be about his business without you soldiers hunting him?"

"It's no use, monsieur. You can see that," and at a sign from him two of the men. and at a sign from him two of the men

"You shall pay dearly for this outrage, and if I had a weapon—"
"Ah, but you haven't," was the blunt reply; and the two soldiers laid their hands "And you also, mademoiselle, please." The little comedy was well acted to the end, and Pascal, full of protests, and Lu-cette in tears, were led away; the sergeant

unable to repress a smile of intense satis-faction at the capture. They had not been gone long before the others came back to the room. "The ruse has answered, then," said Ge-"How brave of Lucette," exclaimed Ga-

brielle. "I trust no harm will come to he." "It cannot. It is but a few hours now before we shall be in command of the town and the castle itself. And those hours will be consumed by this search. Can we go,

heaven! what fortune. Four out of five of the men are ours. I see a way. Hide, but close at,hand." He threw himself into a chair while

Gerard and Gabrielle left the room.
The soldiers came hurrying in.
"Well, what is it?" he asked, coolly.
"Who are you?"
"I think that's a question I should put

"I am the officer in charge of the search party. We are looking for the search party. We are looking for the escaped prisoners, and my sergeant has just been fooled in this house. Now, monsieur, who are you? And do you know of this?" "I am Captain Dubois, comrade of Captain Bassot, in charge of the recently arrived traces. These are seen the search of the recently arrived traces. rived troops. These are some of my men,

The men saluted. "Do you know anything of this trick?"
"Monsieur!" exclaimed Dubois, angrily.
"Of what do you accuse me?"

"I make no accused me?"

"I make no accusation, captain. But I have to search the house."

"Well, send your men to search it," and Dubois got up and stood by the door, thus barring the way out of the house. If the officer sent the Bourbon men they would find nothing, he knew; if he went himself, he would find more than he would find the property of the search of t he would find more than he would be allow-

ed to take away.

The officer hesitated a moment and then decided: "I'll search for myself and trust my eyes this time."

"It's all one to me," answered Dubois with a shrug. Three men were called on to accompany the officer, and all four were leaving the room, when Gerard, who had heard what had passed, met him at the door. "Ah!" was the officer's significant excla-mation at sight of him, "as I thought," and he turned with a smile of triumph to Du-

But the smile died away instantly.

Dubois was standing before the door with his drawn sword in his hand.

It was he who smiled now, and a grim, significant, dangerous smile it was.

(To be continued.)

WARDEN HARRIS' PLEA

IMPROVEMENTS THAT ARE UR-GENTLY NEEDED AT THE JAIL.

Would Abolish the Present System of Feeding the Prisoners-Demand for More Cells.

Capt. James H. Harris, warden of the jail, finds little for which to be thankful during the past year so far as his official life is concerned. All he will have to do at the beginning of the year will be to repeat the resolution he has so frequently madeto continue his efforts to get a modern prison. On the other hand, the members of the East Washington Citizens' Association will do what they can to defeat the warden. No one can be found who will deny that many improvements are needed in order to make the big brown structure as habitable as some of the country prisons, but the members of the association mentioned will deny that the prison should be within the city limits at all. Their cry is to erect a new building outside the city, where property interests will not suffer, and where the sad scenes will be out of sight of pe-

destrians.

Warden Harris is in the position of wanting only that to which the prisoners are entitled. Complaints are made about the building from time to time, and some of them are directed at the warden. He cannot make the necessary changes and im-provements, however, unless Congress provides him with the necessary cash. Occavides him with the necessary cash. Occa-sionally some prisoner complains that he has not meat enough in his stews, or that the meat is of the wrong kind, but this is not the chief complaint. Objection is made to the serving of meals in the cells, the method of feeding instituted years ago. The then the prisoners will be able to sit about a table and enjoy their meals as well as

they can be enjoyed in prison. he can to improve the conditions at the jail, but has not met with much success, as the prisoners best know. In one of his numerous communications with the authoritie he took occasion to explain what was really needed at that time, and did not ask for more than is enjoyed by the prisoners in other similar institutions. In a recent communication the warden spoke of the dining

room question in the following words:

A Crying Need. "I again call attention to the fact that the jail has always had very poor arrangements for feeding prisoners, being compelled to put the meal for each prisoner in a little tin box, and pass it in to him through the bars of the cell door. It is impossible in that way to serve the prisoners in what I would consider a respectable manner. A dining room for the United States jail, with sufficient capacity to seat at least 400 prisoners, is in

my judgment a crying need.' Some interesting information respecting the cell room and other matters was also given. It is probably surprising to some people when they are informed that as many as 527 prisoners have been incarcerated in the jail at a time. There are only about 300 cells in the prison that are fit for use, so that when the number of prisoners exceeds the number of cells there is nothing left to do but adopt the "doubling-up" method of accommodating them. The cells are only five feet wide and less than eight feet long. It is easily seen that with two men in such a room and without even modern plumbing in them a health problem is presented which might cause a wholesale slaughter of the unfortunates. The warden is in constant fear of a contagious disease attacking the prison and taking off his boarders by wholesale. Additional cells and a dining room are wanted by the warden, who thinks that modern plumbing would still further decrease the danger of disease

among the convicts.

At Moundsville. A prisoner who returned from the Moundsville penitentiary, and celebrated his freedom in a manner to cause his arrest and incarceration in the fail, made some unfavorable comments upon the local

prison. "You would hardly think that way up there in the mountains you would get better treatment than you do down here," he said to a fellow prisoner. "I never knew that there were plumbers in the country before, but they had them up there, and a man did not have to wait on himself as much as he does here in the city prison. When dinner time comes the men are treated like men and given seats at a table, instead of being compelled to eat from tin boxes. It's enough to turn a man's stomach when he is given some hash and vegetables piled into a tin box, and a piece of bread such as a beggar would get at a

back door.
"But," he concluded, "when you get in here you have to do as they say, and not as you know is right. When I've got to go to prison you can send me to the tentiary, where I can work and be treated

It is just this kind of treatment that Warden Harris would like to give his pris-oners, but until Congress provides the needed improvements the prisoners will have to content themselves with living 1

A Little Scot. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

If there are worse things than a little Englander, perhaps a little Scot is one of them. We should have thought that a Scottish patriot would rejoice to see the extension of his country's pastimes into benighted lands, but now we find Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman apparently grudging us our golf.

A Miracle That They Have Anv. From the Chicago Record-Herald.

They say the Russians have a very poorly developed sense of humor." "Well. no wonder. Life's no holiday joke

Fell Among Thieves.

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

How Duchess Warms a Tip and Chimmie Warms the Kiddies.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

(Copyright, 1904, by Edward W. Townsend.)

Dere was a house party up to our place on de Sound for to see de Old Year out stuck out from deir waists like lamp shades. Dey had ribbons of de same colors. and give de glad hand to de New Year. It's a glad hand I holds out to de Kid year, for it's de best time for tips dat happens. As for Duchess, she makes so much long green out of our New Year's house parties she begins to talk about de restaurant we are to have when we are rich enough. She being a forn goil I wonder how she ever leined to jolly de way she does in American langwudge. Dere is one old lady dat always comes to our house parties, she being a kind of a cousin to Whiskers, and she has more money dan a bank, and front to see what kept de cart, when I hears knows how not to part wit it better dan a noise dat makes me look up to de knows how not to part wit it better dan a pawnshop. Nobody can't get next to her jean pocket but Duchess, and I seen how she does it.

I hears Duchess and de old lady when dey meets in de old lady's room. Deir song and dance was like this:

"Well. Hortense," says Old Lady, Hortense being de real name of Duchess, "Weil,
I suppose you expect to get a tip out of me, but you'll be disappointed dis time. Money only earns two per cent dese days,

fetched up. I guess dey was talking gaily-gaily and on de quiet. I steps out in veranda; it was getting dark, but I sees de two kiddies climbing over de veranda rail and start to make de ground by de wistaria vine route. As near as I could make out dey was bote in deir soicus dresses, and was playing burglar, for dey wasn't making no noise, and was doing deir stunt on de sneak, like a ting is done on de stage when de band plays shiver music. I didn't dare to make a holler for fear of trunning

got em. I wish I hadn't.

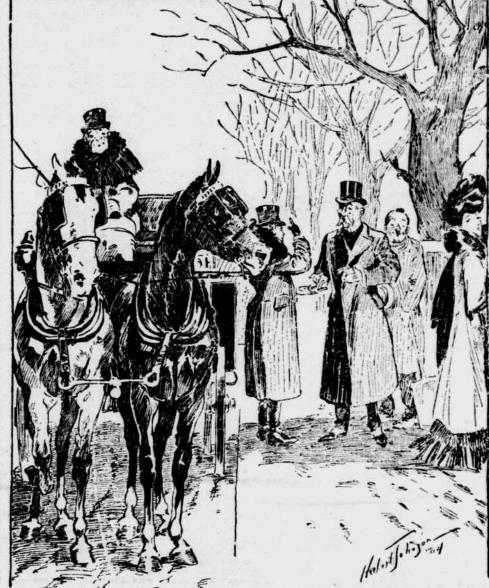
shades. Dey had ribbons of de same colors, and was driving rocking chairs wid em, so as no harm was doing I told em to stay where dey was and be good. But dey says dey would have to go ut for some fresh air, so I toined de key of de room as I leaves, for de decorators was late and cross, and wouldn't be helped any by having de kids running aver to be the

ing de kids running over pm. Den I for-

for a ride before tea, and was standing in front of de house waiting for de cart to be

a fright into em dat would make em drop, and, anyway, I didn't want Whiskers to

Whiskers and Wily Widdy was going out



"FROM THE STABLE BOYS TO DE CHEF EVERY ONE IS TIPPED.

if a body keeps to safe investments, and I'm so poor dat you could tip me better dan I could tip you."

"Madam will have her joke," says Duchess, as soft as silk. I am always so pleased see Madam dat it matters not wedder Madam remembers me or not. I am de lighted to see dat Madam is looking so young dis year; each New Year Madam looks younger dan de one before. It was a chill ride coming up from de station, and I have took de liberty of bringing

Madam a little cocktail of de kind dat my husband makes so well."
"Your husband, eh!" snorts Old Lady but she fastens on to de drink, and makes a hole in de glass. "Your husband is a mischeivous young man, and wins all de

savings from my solvants when he visits -but dis is a good cocktail.' "Madam is pleased to be amiable," says uchess. "But it is because of Madam's Duchess. good healt. Surely I never seen madam looking in such good healt before. Madam's good healt makes her of such good nature dat she will not care to hear any of de gossip I have to tell, because it is all for to laugh; and Madam does not anything to make her laugh-except her own good healt and spirits and nature." "If you mean dat you have any of your delightful scandal for me, Hortense, me have it quick, for I never know how wicked all my frens are until I've heard your yearly budget of deir sins."
"If Madam will have de poor little budget of news dat Hortense has kept for her benefit, den I will oblige her," says Hortense. "But we do not have tea until half

will bring a cold little bottle of de wine M'Sieu Paul best likes, and as Madam refreshes herself wit a moutful and a bite, Hortense will tell her de little news she has saved for her." Dat was my signal to get busy, and I soon has de hot boid and de cold bot in Old Lady's room, and she pecks at it until de bot was dry and only de bones of de boid was left to tell de tale; and den Duchess she tell her de record of some ladies and gents dat would surprise deir parsons to hear. Old Lady laughs and chuckles till she near falls in a fit; and by de time Duchess has finished her off wit a glass of sweet booze, and give her a cigarette, de Old Lady she says, "Hortense, you are a wicked and witty French goil, and I don't believe a wold you have said; but you do amuse me so, dat if you will find me purse I'll see if dere is a I'm paying all sorts of stupid people you.

past 5, and to wait for tea would exhaust

Madam, so I have had cook put a little

bird on de fire for Madam, and my husband

around me who never amuse and always beg, so why shouldn't I tip you who never beg and always amuse!"
Wouldn't you wonder dat a goil dat can
unloosen from a party as hard to part
from deir goods as Old Lady—wouldn't you wonder date a goil who can win off such a party wouldn't let me collect and keep vhat I can from de gents! Nay, nay! Let me tell you, on de level, nobody but dose dat are floating in long green can afford to come to house parties. It's cheaper to give em dan to go to em. Dat's a fact. From de stable boys to de chef, every one is tipped. De coachman dat brings a guest up from de station, de man on de box who hands em in and out of de traps, de house footman dat carries deir wraps up to de rooms, de housemaids dat fetches deir tea or coffee in de mornings. fetches deir tea or coffee in de mornings, de butler and second man dat coives, Duchess, of course, who's busy all over de lot, and me—well, I'm always on hand—de cook, even de stable hands and de outside man who shovels de snow away from de carriage block—every mug of us has to be tipped and tipped again, till I wonder where de guests gets de long green dey parts wit when dey is having free board and lodging at a house party. And de men!—dey has boxes of flowers and candy come down from town every day, dey has card and billiard losses to make good, and card and billiard losses to make good, and—well, say, what t'ell! And dey pays all dis for what I gets wit wages. I tink we soivants has de soft end of de game.

But I was going to tell you about de time de kiddies had, little Fr. nie and my kid. Little Chimmie is still to our house, for little Fannie she sets up such a holler when I said I would send Kiddie to me modder for de New Year, dat we had to keep him. Miss Fannie tells em not to get gay on de ground floor, what de florist and decorator was wolking on for de day before de party, so dey keeps to little Fannie's play room pretty much. Dey was so quiet dere for so long dat I goes up to see what dey doing dat dey shouldr't. Wall

know. Den I saw dat it wasn't burglars dey was playing, but pirates. Dey was loaded down wit wood guns and tin swords, and had pirate masks on. I began to fear something would happen. Just den Kiddie lets out a most dreadful yell and says, "Grappling hooks and board em! Deat to de

craven crew!" Wow! Tings happened fast. At dat wold of command, bote of em lets go of de vine and slips down on de run-for a fact dey tumbles-and one of em lights straddle of Whiskers' neck and de odder straddle of Wily Widdy's. Dey was bote yelling like pirates for fair as dey landed, but dair yells was silence alongside of de men's size yells dat Whiskers and Widdy trun out as dev feels demselves saddled with squirming sometings dat was waving guns and swords. De grownups ducked and pitched de kids, and den seeing mostly knives and guns de grownups yells louder dan before. "Murder! Tieves!" dey yells, and de kids seeing dat dey had fell on folks instead of bushes, lights off for de shrubbery. I gives

em a fair start, and runs up and asks Whiskers what was doin'. "Doing?" he sputters, "I've been assaulted by murderous thieves and cutthroat rascals I surprised trying to get into de house.

Get de stable men! Telephone for de police. Get a gun!" he says. "Which way did dey run?" says I. Whis-



"Wouldn't let me collect and keep what

I can from de gents." says I feared no foe, and I chases de kiddies into de bush. When I catches 'em I warm meself wit a little free-hand spanking dat did bofe of 'em some good, den I says dat I'd get de folks away from de front of de house and give de kids a chance to climb back de way dey had come down, and for 'em to do it or get anodder kind of spank-

Den I sets up a holler like I was having a rought house wit sixteen kinds of murderers and make a bluff like I was driving 'em all away. De folks comes to me rescue while de kiddies makes a sneak to de front, and when dey gets to deir room dey signals me.
Whiskers tipped me good for being so
brave, and so did Widdy, but Miss Fannie
she got onto de game. When she went up
to see de kiddies have deir supper neider of
'em could sit down to de table. She jollied
'em a little till she found out why dey 'em a little till she found out why dey wanted to eat standing. I was sorry found 'em out, but it was to my good after

all, for she tipped me. too.

Now, what's boddering me is: did Miss
Fannie tip me for not giving de kids away to Whiskers, or for what I give 'em wit de palm of me hand? You never can tell, for women is queer. Sure!